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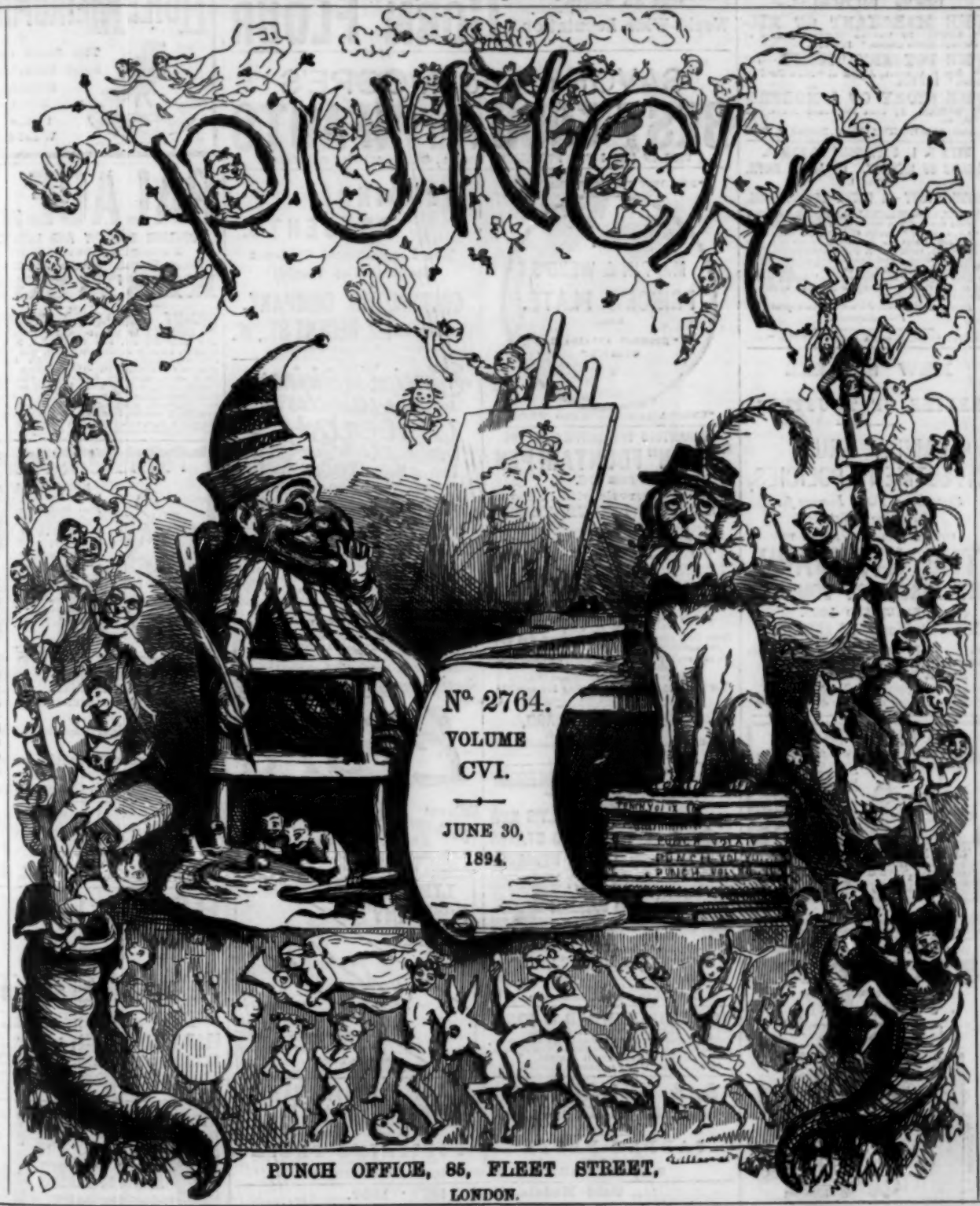

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Chap. I.

SERIAL STORY—A FATAL RESERVATION.

NOTICE.—The CORNHILL MAGAZINE for JULY contains the first of a series of Articles by JAMES PAYN, entitled "Glosses of Memory: with some Reflections"; also the opening Chapters of a new serial Story, entitled "A Fatal Reservation," by R. O. PROWSE; and the following Articles:—"With R. L. Stevenson in Samoa."—"The Story of 'Lina Begg'"—"The Pioneers"—"Orchid Hunting in Demerara."—"Matthew Austin," by W. E. NORRIS, Chaps. 25—28.

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A SARA-SCENIC SHOW.

WELCOME to SARA as *Izeÿl*,—"with the dotlets on the *y*,"—and welcome to SARA generally, whatever she may play. She may not, perhaps, be quite so ethereal as heretofore, she may be a trifle more solidified, but "for a' that and a' that," SARA is SARA, the same incomparable SARA. There is nothing particularly new in *Izeÿl*, a poetical tragical drama in verse and four acts. Its first two scenes are as tranquilising as a scientific lecture, and as pretty as a pastoral dissolving view. Representing the converted courtesan, SARA is the same sweet, magnetising, purring person, with an occasional fit of tiger-cat just to enliven the otherwise drowsy proceedings.

It is not till we come to the Third Act that there is anything at all approaching a dramatic sensation. *Scyndia* (M. DENEUBOURG), the gay young spark, who, as his mother, the remarkably fine *Princess* (Madame MARTHOLD) thinks, goes to bed at eight, and remains there, comes to *Izeÿl's* palatial residence, and brings with him a handsome present for her of all sorts of, apparently, Palais Royal jewellery, and imitation coins in large boxes. These gifts the still fascinating but recently converted courtesan at once hands over to the poor, whom she has always with her, in the shape of a crowd of invisible beggars waiting outside, all cheering loudly, and no wonder, at the distribution of this *largesse* by the hands of one *Yoghi*, a sort of Bogie-man, well played by M. DE MAX. But the young *Scyndia*, being on pleasure bent, and evidently not "of a frugal mind," like JOHNNIE GILPIN, has also ordered in, from the nearest Stores, a sumptious supper, consisting apparently of "pine-apples for one," and several dishes of more or less ripe fruit, with a few empty goblets—"No Bottles to-day,"—all placed on a portable table, which is brought in by handy attendants, also probably hired from the waiter-supplying greengrocer's.

But *Izeÿl*, having turned from the error of her ways, is, so to speak, "living with mother now," and refuses the proferred supper. Moreover, she rejects with scorn the amorous advances of the gay young *Prince*, who, becoming still gayer and more amorous every minute, exclaims in the language of ancient melodrama, "I must and will possess her!" or words to that effect, and incontinently rushes to embrace his victim. But *Izeÿl* recalls a situation curiously like this in *La Tosca*, table and all included, and so snatching a queer sort of triangular dagger from *Scyndia's* belt, she poignards him sharply, fatally; and from being all life and energy down goes *Scyndia* dead as the proverbial door-nail. With dramatic prescience he falls close to the table, and in a few minutes the distracted *Izeÿl* on hearing, like *Lady Macbeth*, "a knocking at the door," partly drags him underneath the table, partly drags the table over him, and as a "happy thought," being a person of considerable resources, she, at the last moment, manages to hide his legs, which are sticking out awkwardly, under the tablecloth.

Sarah (of the Soothing-Syrup voice). "Me voilà encore une fois, mes enfants! Toujours le même vieux ·eu!"

Enter the stout *Princess*, who, in the character of the mother unaware of her son being out, has a pleasant confidential chat with the interesting convert to Buddhism, during which poor *Scyndia* has to lie under the table, (rather trying this for an actor who would be "up and doing,") and then she suddenly discovers the truth. The infuriated *Princess* orders *Izeÿl* off to be tortured, and to have a lot of pleasant things done to her previous to being publicly exposed—which no adventuress likes—in the desert.

In the last Act, all we see is poor *Izeÿl* gone to the desert with her eye out—both eyes out; but as there is no trace of hot irons, nor any sign of any cruelty having been inflicted on her body, she seems to be none the worse for whatever may have happened to her—indeed, she is just a trifle more purring and fascinating than ever. There she sits, in a light and airy chemise, which, considering her fragile form, may be described as "next to nothing," or almost so, while a few rude persons—idlers, of course—stand by and jeer at her. Then the mad enthusiast, the cause of all this trouble, enters, and pats her on the head, but the Prince, suddenly appearing, dismisses Yoghi-Bogie, has a love scene with the unfortunate *Izeÿl*, who still seems to be more of the courtesan than the convert, and who finally dies in the Prince's arms; whereupon some of his followers, having palms ready in their hands, (which, of course, anatomically, is quite natural,) enter, and there's an end of *Izeÿl*. Not exhilarating, but memorable.

"SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S BIRD" BEATEN BY HENRY THE UBIQUITOUS.

IN the list, given by *The Observer*, of guests present at Lord RANDOLPH'S farewell dinner on Saturday night last, occurs the name of Mr. HENRY IRVING. In the same paper the critic, in describing the first performance of *Madame Sans-Gêne* at the Gaiety, remarked that "the merry comedy was received with enthusiasm by a large audience, not the least appreciative members of which were Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY." Presumably the Randolphian banqueting hour was eight to half-past, coinciding with the hour of the performance at the Gaiety. Party and play last about the same time, so how did HENRY IRVING manage to be present at both at once? Has he a double? Or is it a Mephistophelian mystery?

QUEER QUERIES.—A NEW RAILWAY PERIL.—It seems that a Russian *savant* has found that railway carriages are simply full of virulent microbes! Cannot something be done at once in England to guard us against this fearful danger? Why should not booking-clerks sell us germicides with our tickets? I've tried saturating myself and my luggage with a mixture of carbolic acid, sanitas, and coal-tar, but I find that the system is not highly popular. There ought to be a doctor, a trained microbe-hunter, attached to every train, like a steward on board ship. The *savant* says there are double as many microbes in a third-class carriage as in a first-class. Well, then, the doctor should be empowered to arrest any microbe travelling in a superior class to that to which he or she is entitled. Another thought occurs to me—are these microbes season-ticket-holders? If so, what are the companies about?

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THE "Garden of London" is bound to take,
For good citizens all must feel
'Tis their duty to do all they can to make
For the common, or garden, wheel!

A NOTE IN THE PROBATE DIVISION.—"*Bettini* v. *Royal Academy of Music*."—A cause of litigation will henceforward be known not as a *Casus Belli*, but as a "*Casus Tre-Belli*."

DEPRESSED DUKES.

Duke of D-v-nsh-re. "IF THIS BUDGET PASSES, I DON'T KNOW *HOW* I 'M GOING TO KEEP UP CHATSWORTH!"

Duke of W-stm-nst-r. "IF YOU COME TO THAT, WE MAY CONSIDER OURSELVES LUCKY IF WE CAN KEEP A TOMB OVER OUR HEADS!"

"DROWSILY! DROWSILY!"

Energetic Male (reclining). "NOW THEN, GIRLS, WORK AWAY! NOTHING LIKE TAKING REAL EXERCISE!"

DEPRESSED DUKES.

A DIRGE FOR TWO VOICES.

AIR—"*The Stately Homes of England.*"

"THE Stately Homes of England! How beautiful they stand—
As MRS. HEMANS rightly sang—o'er all the pleasant land!
But WESTMINSTER, my noble friend, things are not what they seem.
Say is this Budget solid fact, or but a horrid dream?"

"The Merry Homes of England! Yes, DEVONSHIRE, oh! *Very!*
I wonder HARCOURT makes two bites at his financial cherry.
Why not try HENRY GEORGE's dodge, a sweeping Single Tax
Of Twenty Shillings in the Pound? He's only got to 'ax.'"

"The Free, Fair Homes of England! Fair, WESTMINSTER, *and* free!
We charge the British Public nought when they drop in to see.
A Briton's home's his Castle. But *our* Castles are *his* home,
In a sort of way, on a holiday, whene'er he likes to come!"

"The Expensive Homes of England! Ah DEVONSHIRE, dear boy,
Think of the money we expend, the people we employ!
And then that grasping CHANCELLOR, to replenish his Exchequer,
Would—let me weep on your broad breast! I *can't* keep up my pecker!"

"Don't, WESTMINSTER, my noble pal, *don't* play the ducal *Gummidge!*
These rascal, rowdy Radicals, they want to spy and rummage
Into our pretty little perks; but, WESTMINSTER, *don't* fret,
Just let me whisper in your ear! *We have our lawyers yet!*"

"The Ancient Homes of England! Ah! DEVONSHIRE, old chum,
I fear me that an Ancient Home is but an Ancient Hum
To poky, proletariat prigs who, fired with ravenous greeds,
Would pry into long pedigrees, and question title-deeds."

"Yes, WESTMINSTER, I know they would. To records Anglo-Saxon,
Plantaganet and Tudor, they (with aim to pop a tax on)
Would turn and search, and cry, with their accustomed incivility,
'Ah! if there are Old Nobblers, 'tis our blooming Old Nobility!'"

"'The Nobbled Homes of England!' What a fine election cry!
Oh, DEVONSHIRE, if Tenure they subject to scru-ti-ny,
Ask if we got our Stately Homes by robbery, gift, or war,
I think I know more than one Duke who won't 'know where 'e are!'"

"Whisht, WESTMINSTER, my noble pal! You musn't talk like that!
We are all right! So don't let's help the Rads to smell a rat
About some of our Stately Homes. Mum is the word I judge it,
Or heaven, and HARCOURT, only know what may be the *next* Budget!"

"The Gorgeous Homes of England! But this odious Graduation
If we don't watch it, DEVONSHIRE, will just spell Ruination!
Good lord! I've been a reckoning up some possible Death Duties,
And—*Millions is the mark*, dear boy! Oh! aren't these Rads rare beauties?"

"*Millions?* Oho! Is that what JOE once hinted at as 'Ransom'?
Oh yes, of course, he's turned that up. His conduct now's *most* handsome.
How shall we keep up our Great Homes? By Jove—I'll shut up Chatsworth,
If HARCOURT piles it on too thick. They'll soon find out what *that* 's worth."

"Keep our Homes up and open, Duke? If all is true that's said, Duke,
We shan't be able soon to keep a Tomb above our head, Duke!
Bohoo! Bohoo! Put on the screw! But *won't* it be a jolly day,
When England shows *no* 'Stately Homes' to poor folk making holiday?"

[*Left weeping.*

MRS. R. heard Lady HALLÉ play lately, and was, of course, highly delighted. She read an account of the concert afterwards with much interest, but was surprised at the great admiration expressed with regard to the lady's "bowing." She certainly bowed very gracefully, Mrs. R. says, in response to the applause, but she thinks so much need not have been made of this, and that her fine performance on the violin called for more comment.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 18.—Quite a big muster of Peers to-night. Looking round Conservative Benches, seemed evident that either Church or Land was in danger. Turned out to be neither. It was Cambridge University that had whipped up noble Lords and one Bishop in support of plenary powers of police on pavements of university town. Of the three score Peers who rallied round the dons, there were some to whom Cambridge is *Alma Mater*. If only the talk had gone back to days of yore, and bench had echoed to bench tales of Undergraduate days, what a charming evening we might have had! County GUY could have told the House something of Cambridge in the Exhibition year, and "ROWTON on Running" would have supplied a thrilling chapter of incident.

More than half a century since RUTLAND was at Oxford, his soul distilling deathless verse. Through the ages still rings his famous battle cry—

> Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
> But leave us still our old nobili-ty.

But though an Oxford man, the old Duke spoke up for Cambridge, flaunting the idea that the police at Cambridge would be less discriminating than the police at Oxford. Ah! how discriminating they were when WILLIAM THE FOURTH was King, and a gold-chain-bedizened youth, with hair curled and oiled like an Assyrian bull, joined forces with JOHN MANNERS to save his adopted country.

Peculiarity of the Debate was the severe manner in which oil and vinegar ran their appointed courses. No political question at issue; yet into one lobby streamed the Tories to a man, while into another the PREMIER led his scanty flock. *Business done.*—Commons still boring themselves to death round Budget.

Tuesday.—"This Committee," said Sir RICHARD EVERARD WEBSTER, of Pump Court, Temple, "is all h—— and TOMMY."

Three diffident and retiring Gentlemen, whose voices are seldom heard in the House of Commons!

Never so shocked in my life. Remark obvious. Anyone else might have made it; but not the almost Reverend Member for Isle of Wight. Fancy WEBSTER must have read expression in my face.

"All HANBURY and TOMMY BOWLES I mean," he added, hastily.

That's so. There's also what the Scotch call "a bittock" of BYRNE and BUTCHER, BARTLEY and BOUSFIELD, not to mention NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BOLTON, who is always turning up the night before Austerlitz, or the morning after Marengo, with an Amendment under his cloak, or a new sub-section hidden in his famous *chapeau gris*. Also there is JOKIM, PRINCE ARTHUR, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. On slightest provocation they vary proceedings by triangular duel. Difference between their practice and the famous case reported in nautical history is, that PRINCE ARTHUR and JOKIM both blaze away at the SQUIRE, he for his part chiefly potting JOKIM.

The interlude occurs once or twice in dull sitting, with unexpectedness that invests it with additional charm. To-night HANBURY, determined that Cap'en TOMMY should not make all the running, moved Amendment in speech of considerable length. The SQUIRE contemptuously dismissed it as not seriously meant. If it were carried, he showed, it would make nonsense of the Bill. JOKIM cut to the quick by this punishment of an inoffensive friend. Took the SQUIRE by the collar (of course, in the Parliamentary sense), and savagely shook him, declaring in excited voice that "the Bill would make better progress if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could only keep his temper."

The SQUIRE blandly retorted, "Here's the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER going to vote against imposing a penalty for a breach of the revenue laws!"

"That's," cried JOKIM, jumping to his feet, and glaring across the table at the bland presence on the other side; "That's a—— I mean, the right hon. gentleman makes a statement which is absolutely contrary to fact."

Don't know what we should do without these little breezes. Sometimes PRINCE ARTHUR joins in, endeavouring, as he puts it, to re-establish order, broken by the wanton conduct of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. As for that eminent statesman, he is in the wrong whatever course he takes. If in his place in active charge of the Bill he is told that things go much better when he is away, and ATTORNEY-GENERAL or SOLICITOR-GENERAL looking after things from Treasury Bench. He humbly goes away to partake of hasty and inadequate dinner; when he apologetically comes back WEBSTER turns upon him with inquiry "at what period of the evening has the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER bestowed on the Committee the privilege of his views on the Bill?"

"Hit high or hit low I can't please them, TOBY. The only thing that sustains me in trying circumstances is the consciousness of rectitude and the gift of an equable temper."

Business done—Clause IX. added to Budget Bill.

Wednesday.—"Is JOHN MORLEY speaking?" I asked the Member for SARK who had just left the House.

"No," he said; "T. W. RUSSELL is interrupting."

Irish debate on; interpolated between incessant courses of Budget. Odd to note how welcome the variety is. Time was when men used to complain of the parliamentary fare being *toujours Irlande*. Now positively jump at opportunity of talking about something else than Death Duties. Debate marked by breezy speech from HORACE PLUNKETT. PLUNKETT is Member for division of Dublin County. He is of the bluest landlord blood; his father's barony one of the oldest in Ireland. SWIFT MACNEILL, in his historical researches into family history of peers who voted down Home-Rule Bill last year, will find no such proud record as is preserved in a fifteenth century manuscript touching HORACE PLUNKETT's forefathers. "Theyre be two lordes PLUNKETTE," so it runs, "one of Killyn and the other of Donsane, and itte dothe see happen that hee who shalle passe safely by Killyn, shall be robbed at Donsane, and hee who shalle passe safely by Donsane shalle be robbed at Killyn."

Hence it will appear that PLUNKETT speaks on Irish affairs with all the authority that belongs to respectable lineage. What he had to say just now was, that the feeling all over Ireland at the present time has far more healthy tone than ever before. Times unquestionably better now than within recent memory.

"To that end," says SARK, "there is no man who has contributed more than HORACE PLUNKETT. He has given himself up wholly to establishing on sound basis his system of co-operation amongst Irish farmers, large and small, for sale of produce. Already he has worked the miracle of not only inducing Irish agriculturists to trust each other, but to trust a working Committee that includes some landlords. DIZZY, you remember, once talked about 'POPKINS' Plan.' Best thing I've heard of for long time is PLUNKETT's Plan. If we had a few more Irish Members like HORACE PLUNKETT we would soon have no Irish Question." *Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY's salary voted in undiminished sum.

Friday.—Gaiety of House, chastened by successive weeks in Committee on Budget Bill, eclipsed by announcement that LOULU HARCOURT is about to retire from political life, with intent to become "something in the City." This course of procedure not unknown in history of the world. Seem to remember something about CINCINNATUS and a plough. Also TEMPLE (not Sir RICHARD) went to Sheen, and after governing a nation, took to cultivating roses. But these things happened late in life, when statesmen were worn with strife, and had built up a mighty record of accomplished work. During the last five or six years LOULU had done more than meets the eye. In the organisation of the party and, later, at the Treasury, he has accomplished work the amount and value of which are hidden under more than a bushel of modesty. Still, he is only on threshhold of what promised to be a useful, even a brilliant political career. Now he gives it up, and will go down every morning in a 'bus to the City. "Won't you linger longer, LOULU?"

"Ah TOBY," he said, passing his hand across his fevered brow, "I cannot. I am the thrall of Ambition. 'Tis a cursed passion; but it possesses me and I cannot exercise it. You see, if I went into Parliament and devoted myself to political life I might become Chancellor of the Exchequer even as my father is. If I go into the City and set myself diligently to work, I may in time become Lord Mayor. There is the secret of a decision which has puzzled other people besides you."

Business done.—On Clause XVI. Budget Bill.

A DOUBLE'D DUTY.—*Matchbox* for the Grand Prix represented an English horse belonging to a German. Wasn't it the duty of every good Frenchman to bet any amount of odds against that horse? Why, certainly. But oddly enough, it was 6 to 4 *on Matchbox*, and that *Matchbox* should lose was a lesson to such Frenchmen as had preferred pockets to patriotism.

MEM. FOR NEXT COMMEM. AT OXFORD.—As the "procession of boats" is now omitted from the programme, why not substitute for it "a review of Scholar-ships"?

THE SECRET OF CIRCULATION.

["The public at large has as yet no taste for good literature. The periodicals that have the largest circulation eschew it."—JAMES PAYN.]

It is not poesy, culture, wisdom, wit,
That make the literary world go round.
Much "blugginess" has more to do with it,
As Capital has found.
The General Reader, in his normal mood,
Desires not glowing genius, but Sensation.
For, after all, it is not "brain," but "blood,"
That keeps up "circulation."

OPERA NOTES.

Monday.—*Faust*, in Italian and French, by the "Combination Opera Company." EMMA EAMES as *Marguerite*, with her own hair, not the usual flaxen tails—but that's another tale. It is difficult to get a real good representative of *Faust*, and Mons. COSSIRA is not the ideal for the part. PLANÇON good as ever as the bad spirit, *Mephisto*. Orchestra and chorus excellent under BEVIGNANI the Beneficent.

Wednesday.—The RAVOGLI Sisters in *Orphée* first, then the new opera *La Navarraise* afterwards. Let this Opera-Noter at once come to the finale, and record that *La Navarraise* is a very great

A NIGHT SURPRISE.
"alvé!—Ah!—to the General."

success, no doubt of it. It was written for Madame CALVÉ, and Madame CALVÉ did the part, the librettists, and the composer full justice. The libretto, founded on a story by CLARETIE, is written by H. CAIN, and, therefore, of course WAGSTAFF calls it "an Able piece of work." Just like him. "The only thing one can possibly object to in *La Navarraise*," I was observing to WAGSTAFF, when he interrupted me with "*La! Navar-raise* any objection to so excellent an opera." I could not forgive him the pun, but withdrew my objection. For once WAGSTAFF was right; it is an excellent work. Madame CALVÉ's *Anita*, *La Navarraise*, is a companion picture to her *Santuzza*; but there can be no comparison between this work of MASSENET's and that by MASCAGNI. There is not much that, at a first hearing, "catches on" musically as there is in MASCAGNI's work, where the very first air sung behind the scenes takes the audience at once, and then,—not to mention the several striking numbers in the first part,—the *intermezzo*, which is hard to beat, and which I venture to opine still stands alone, and has not yet been beaten; though, by the way, it has been ground into our ears by the organ-grinders until it has been nearly reduced to the level of "*Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*," which by now has had it's "de-ay," and has died a natural death.

No better evening's entertainment could DRURIOLANUS provide than some short opera to commence with at 8 or 8.30 (not *Orfèo*, but *Philemon et Baucis*) to be followed at 10, or thereabouts, by *La Navarraise*, and on another occasion by *Pagliacci*, and on another by *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The short opera is on the triple-bill principle, and chimes in with our late dining hours or early closing restrictions.

Madame CALVÉ, as *Anita* ("*Anne Eater*," observes WAGSTAFF, "is not a bad name for a big peasant woman"), is simply perfect. M. ALVAREZ, as her lover (in English his name would be "'ARRY GHILL"), quite up to the mark, as must the shot have been which settled his business before the end of the Opera. M. PLANÇON, as *Garrido*, was "*le brav' General*" to the life; M. GILLIBERT also, as the fat farmer, round as a plum, with a stone for a heart, very good. Composer called, but, like spirits from the vasty deep, the question was, would he come when called? He didn't: he preferred to remain "in ambush"; whereat Madame CALVÉ threw up her hands in despair. By the way, the Composer would soon have rushed from his lair had Madame CALVÉ threatened to "throw up" her part in the piece instead of "her hands in despair." The singers personally conducted the Conductor, Monsieur FLON, on to the stage, in the hope that he might be mistaken for the Composer. But audience wouldn't have substitute palmed off on them. So Sir DRURIOLANUS stepped forward gaily, and announced that shy Massa MASSENET was smoking a cigarette, and so preferred fumigation to oration and ovation, but that he, DRURIOLANUS, would report the situation, which announcement was received with acclamation.

Fat Farmer Father in his *dot*-age.

FATAL FLOWERS.

ACCORDING to M. JOAL most of the ills that flesh is heir to are due to the injudicious inhaling of the perfume of various flowers. This being so, the following "conversation with a medical man" should be added to the "Dialogue Books" of all foreign languages:—

Doctor. And now, my friend, what is the matter with you?

Patient. I have pains in my head, and shooting aches in all my limbs. My hair has come off from my scalp, and one of my arms is withered.

Doctor. It is clear to me that you must have been inhaling a bouquet of roses.

Patient. Well, yes, I certainly was in a conservatory the other evening, where there were a number of flowers. Can I do nothing to effect a cure?

Doctor. You must take a voyage to Australia in a sailing-ship which touches at no ports, and from which all plants have been excluded. And now, is there anything else you wish to mention?

Patient. Why yes, Doctor. The other day I was dining at a friend's, and after we had finished the dessert I found that I could only speak with difficulty, and that the floor was undulating, and the room generally unsteady. I put this down to the salmon and a piece of bread that I had eaten, instead of my customary biscuit. Was I right in this assumption?

Doctor. No, my good friend. No doubt the condition which you describe was caused by inhaling your button-hole. And now farewell! When you return from Australia come and see me.

Patient. Yes, as a friend—not as a patient.

Doctor. That depends upon the way that you treat your nose. If you avoid flowers you will never want a doctor.

BRITISH HOME FOR INCURABLES.—Grand Fête to be held on July 3 to benefit this excellent charity. There is to be a "Richardson's Show," which is safe to be an attractive item. "Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS," says the *Times*, meaning *our* "DRURIOLANUS," "will organise and personally superintend the dramatic features." Evidently Sir AUGUSTUS is going to assist in "making up" the actors. Excellent! Will he himself perform? Why not a speech, as the Richardsonian Showman? "RICHARDSON 's himself again!"

MR. JOHN HARE'S MOTTO AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.—"Money taking, No Change given"—for some considerable time.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Hostess. "HAVE YOU A PARTNER FOR THIS DANCE, MR. GREEN?" *Mr. Green (who has just chosen one).* "I'M AFRAID I HAVE!"

SHAKSPEARE ON A RECENT HAPPY EVENT.

["The Duchess of YORK was safely delivered of a son at ten o'clock last evening."—*Observer, June* 24.]

[The weather had changed from cold and uncertain to very warm.]

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this *Son* of York."
Richard the Third, Act I., Sc. 1.

OUR GIANT CAUSEWAY.

Old Father Thames, loquitur:—

OH, cloud-capt towers! Oh, spanking spans! What is it here I see?
I'm an Old Stream—from the country!—but this quite *gets over me!* [Nore,
I've seen a many wondrous sights 'twixt Thames Head and the
But such a whopping bit of work, *I*'ve never twigged before!
Yet I remember lots of things History has half forgotten:
Those old Thames timber bridges, with wood-piers that soon grew rotten,
And frequently were swept away by floods, or burned by fire
In those ante-engineering "good old times" some cranks admire.
I recollect the Roman days, convenient, oh yes, very!
When the only way across me, for the cits, was Watling Ferry!
I recollect Old London Bridge, which cost a pretty penny,
And the mighty masterpieces of the great bridge-builder, RENNIE;
Pontifex maximus, great Sir JOHN! But lor! I mustn't tarry
O'er memories of the misty past. Bully for JOHN WOLFE BARRY,
The Engineer-in-Chief of this! A very Thames Colossus,
Striding across my stream in iron. Giants used to cross us
(Us rivers) in the fine old legends, bare-legged and bare-footed!
Ah, Gog, old friend, and Magog, your objection is not rooted
To this jolly Giant Causeway, which the good old Corporation
Have built up here to crown my fame—*and their own reputation.*
Palmam qui meruit ferat! As *pontifices*, at any rate,
The much-nagged City Fathers have not proved themselves degenerate.
Ah! fancy that Bridge House Estate in Eleven Seventy-six, Sir!
Talk about Unearned Increment! They'd be in a big fix, Sir,
But for the lands seven centuries or so ago allotted
For building bridges over me. But a big job they spotted
When looking east of London Bridge they taxed cash, skill, and power, [Tower.
In planting this superb "Thames Gate" hard by KING WILLIAM'S
"The Tower, aye, the Tower!" Yon 'tis looming, and I'll venture is [the centuries!
A-smiling on WOLFE BARRY'S towers! There's a thought to link
Well, Engineers get over me! They are the modern Titans.
They're Bottle-Imps *plus* Magi, with a touch of those old Sheitans
The Tigris-dwellers dreamed about. But our Thames Genii, thanks be!
Are serviceable as they're strong. However high my banks be,
However broad my stream, or swift, at Henley *or* the Tower,
Where a myriad masts crowd in the Pool, or forget-me-nots in
Shine out in silent solitudes, some engineering Titan [flower
Is sure to play the Admirable (*save in Beauty*) CRICHTON;
Embank me, dredge me, lock me, weir me, bridge me, and the rest of it. [of it.
Well, Time tries all. I hope this Titan Bridge will stand the test
Here's to it, tower and bascule! It's a triumph and a thumper!
Here's to BARRY, and to BRUNEL, and to CRUTTWELL, in a bumper;
While not forgetting HORACE JONES, the City Architect, Gents!
Who, though he's passed, his share of praise may righteously expect, Gents!
To Gog and Magog, who are not *too* often in the applause way,
And those civic Giants' backers, who have built our Giant Causeway!!!

A TENDER-HEARTED PRELATE.—At a meeting called to consider the advisibility of sending money and missionaries to assist struggling Assyrian Christians, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY observed that "he knew nothing more tragic than a once great, powerful, and wide-spread church like this becoming so reduced that its bishops had occasionally to work in the fields." Why "tragic"? Their work in the fields is only "occasional." And isn't this manual labour rather like that of the tent-maker SAUL, whose other name was PAUL? Might it not do a bishop or two, or even an archbishop, some good were he to tuck up his lawn sleeves and a corner of his apron just to take a turn at digging and delving? Perhaps, on the score of practical Christianity, it would be well if these hard-working Assyrian Christians sent a few missionaries over to our comfortable Christians here.

OUR GIANT CAUSEWAY.

(Opening of the new Tower Bridge, Saturday, June the 30th, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.)

FATHER THAMES. "WELL, I'M BLOWED! THIS QUITE GETS OVER *ME!*"

THE GOLD DAM.

[See the daily press for Mr. CRUMP's views on this phenomenon.]

I HAVE a passion to be told
(Amounting almost to a thirst),
What constitutes a dam in gold,
And when the thing is bound to burst;
And could you tell us, Mr. CRUMP,
Why silver undergoes a slump?

That metaphor of "dam," it seems,
Is drawn from rolling logs that hug
Each other in Norwegian streams,
And cause a temporary plug,
Until, I gather, Mr. CRUMP,
They ultimately come down plump.

What all the glut of oof should buy
You say surpasses human wit;
Strangely enough I feel that I
Could show you what to do with it;
Speaking for paupers, Mr. CRUMP,
I rather like it in the lump.

But soon there 'll be a blessed spate,
The dam will give, I understand,
And Little Chathams turn to Great,
And Trunks Preferred be really Grand,
And low investments, Mr. CRUMP,
Go smartly on the upward stump.

I 'm glad to hear it; it is one
Of those effects in which my mother
Failed to instruct her budding son
(The slump in silver is another);
I've not developed, Mr. CRUMP,
A strictly economic bump.

Some freely back bimetallism
To render rugged places level;
Some call the same a sheer abysm,
This side—the dam, on that—the devil;
When doctors differ, Mr. CRUMP,
The sickly camel gets the hump.

Had I the art to recognise
A fiscal flutter, when I saw it,
My oracle were darkly wise,
No power of man or beast should draw it;
Neither wild horses, Mr. CRUMP,
Nor any earthly stomach-pump.

MRS. R. is a great play-goer. She says *The Best Man* is a most amusing piece; and she wanted to see Mr. WILLARD as "the middling man," but it was withdrawn.

SOCIAL AGONIES.

"I SAY, OLD CHAP, IT 'S SHORT NOTICE, BUT DO COME AND DINE THIS NEXT THURSDAY!"

"CAN'T, DEAR OLD MAN. I 'M ENGAGED THREE DEEP FOR THE NIGHT!"

"OH, SORRY! I 'VE GOT THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RUNNYMEDE, AND LORD SAVORY!"

"OH,"—(*seeing it in quite a different light*)—"NEXT THURSDAY, DID YOU SAY? I THOUGHT YOU SAID THURSDAY WEEK. OH, YES, I SHALL BE DELIGHTED!"

[*Their Graces and Lord S. never turned up, after all!*

A MADAME SANS-GÊNE.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
If my laundress only were
Aussi bonne et gracieuse,
Should I ever growl at her?

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars surely should be white;
Mais elle est si paresseuse!
Mine are yellow—is that right?

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Home to other folks she sends—
Elle est vraiment généreuse!—
Clothes I love as dear old friends.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Socks and handkerchiefs depart;
Ell' n'en sait rien, trompeuse!
Wring? She wrings my very heart.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Shirt-fronts, wristbands, collars frayed!
Ruine calamiteuse
In my wardrobe is displayed.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Banging, brushing, done in a
Façon si laborieuse,
Wash my washing clean away.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Would that you indeed were mine,
Toujours bonne et vertueuse,
I should never more repine!

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars ironed by your sweet touch—
Votre main délicieuse—
Would delight me very much.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
What a truly happy state!
Espérance trop flatteuse,
That can never be my fate.

Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
I must weep, and, weeping, see
La méchante déchireuse
Heeds not EUCLID, woe is me!

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Handkerchiefs are spoilt in shoals;
Je n'en ai pas, la railleuse
Makes them parts, and also holes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"AFTER reading W. S. LILLY's latest and really most admirable book, entitled *The Claims of Christianity*," quoth the Baron, "I feel inclined to exclaim with the Cantab who had been compelled to attend a course of University sermons, 'Thank Heaven, I am still a Christian!'" The first part is about Buddhism, which came into the world 700 B.C., and at this present moment, so the Baron gathers, not only counts more adherents than would all Christendom even if united, but is absolutely spreading faster than Christianity is now doing, or has done, for some time past. So at the end of this first part, the Baron, elevating his thoughts and his eyes, exclaimed, "I will be engrafted on the Buddha! I will be Buddha'd out with the Lilly! I will flit from flower to flower! and up to regions of Floral Halls above! I'll be a Buddha-fly!" Coming down from these flights of pious fancy, the Buddha-Baron commenced Part the Second of the same work. It was, as it were, a Turkish Bath. The Baron, no longer the "Buddha-Baron," but the "Bechesm-on-my-eyes-be-it Baron," called for a fez, renounced his toddy—was not the glass well-nigh void?—sent out for a sixpenny bottle of the best sherbert, and was considering the advisability of immediately consulting the Baroness as to giving a general order for a Harem at the Stores of some Universal Provider, when, on resuming his study, and after finishing the third part, which concludes this work with a convincing summary of the superiority of Christianity over any other form of religion, he counter-ordered the fez, kept silence on the Harem subject, gave the sherbert to the youngest Baronite, aged seven, and, after a pipe and one more toddy, the Baron murmured "*Christianus sum non Œdipus.*" Then melodiously whistling "*Lilly Bolero,*" he ascended the Baronial stairs to seek, beneath his virtuous eider-downy,

"That calm repose
Which innocence and virtue only knows."

But before doing so he uttered the quotation which heads this brief notice. "I have a multitude of books to read, and but scant time to look into them till the vacation arrive! But, ah me!" sighed the Baron, "is there any vacation for this ever-toiling, never complaining, *servus servorum* of the public,

"THE INDEFATIGABLE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS?"

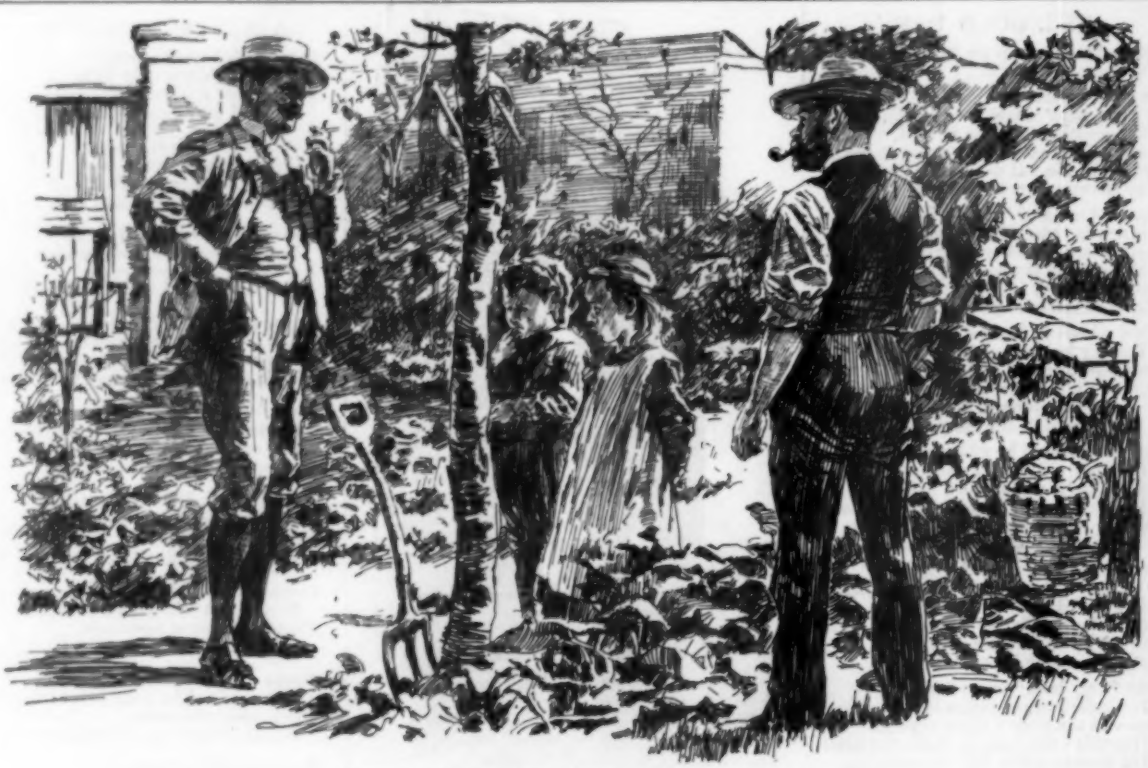
What's in a Name?

[Among the delegates on the platform at the Leeds Conference was the "Rev. TOBIAS BOFFIN, B.A. (Birmingham)."]

WHILST rampant Radicals were wildly up and at
The Lords, quite undeterred by Tory scoffin',
To represent the Nonconformist conscience, sat
A Reverend with name—TOBIAS BOFFIN!

"THE POWERS THAT BE."—Who are these? Easily answered, as just now they happen to be the two Powers, grandsons of the great Irish actor TYRONE POWER, and sons of HAROLD "of that ilk," who are playing one as author and actor, and the other as actor with the author, in the new melodrama at the *Princess's* called *The Texan*. Of course, the eldest Prince TECK will pay it an early visit, as he must have a kindly feeling for *The Tecks' son!* (Oh!! Oh!!)

AUNT MUDDLER rarely gets names correctly. The other day, talking on literary subjects, she told a friend, "My dear, I 'm never tired of reading PICKENS's *Dickwick*."



"THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS."

Rusticus. "YES; I GROW ALL MY OWN VEGETABLES—MY OWN POTATOES, MY OWN CUCUMBERS, ASPARAGUS, GRAPES, APPLES—EVERYTHING!"

Urbanus. "AH! AND THESE ARE YOUR OWN CHILDREN, OF COURSE? UM—SEASON SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BACKWARD WITH *THEM*, OLD CHAP!"

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(*Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.*)

No. VIII.—FROM CAPTAIN THE HON. IAN FARQUHAR, 151ST REGT., ALDERSHOT, TO MRS. MAXWELL, BOLTON STREET, W.

MY DEAR DODDLES, *December* 18, 189—.

You're a ripper; but then you always are. Will I dine with you at the "Plato"? Won't I just. The party you propose will be simply A1. Old ARGENTINO isn't a bad old sort; but, I say, DODDLES, I don't think you ought to lead the old chap on as you do. You'll ruin him in flowers. They say he's got a dozen gold mines in Peru, and farms as big as Scotland in Brazil, with hundreds of slaves toiling for him night and day; but even with all that, he's bound to go pop if he chips in with bouquets of hot-house flowers ten yards round every time he meets you, not to speak of the pretty little velvet-lined nests with their diamond eggs which you occasionally find in the branches of the exotticks (how's that for words and spelling, eh? I'm getting to be a regular Dr. JOHNSON).

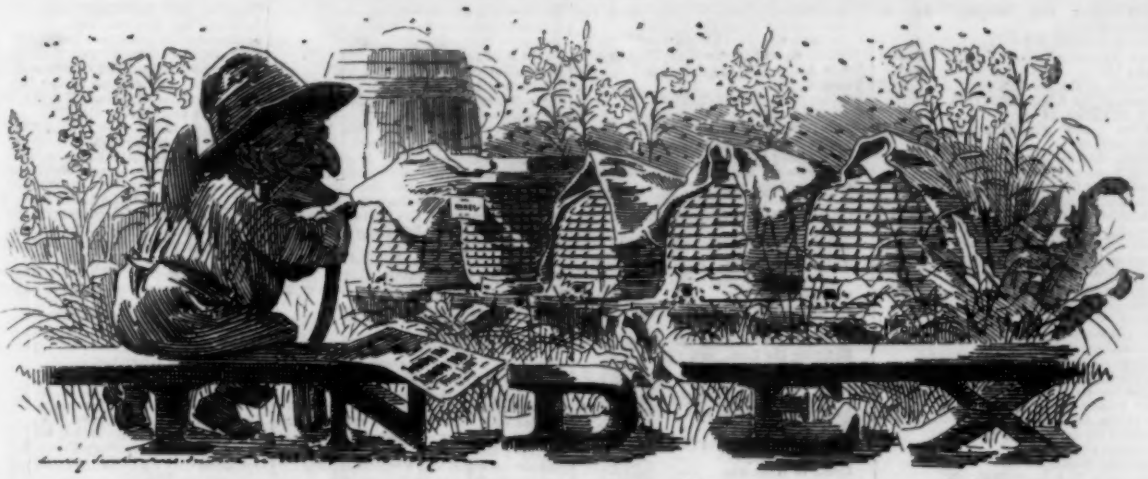
HAROLD MAYDEW ain't a bad sort. He's a good soldier anyhow, with lots of go about him; why, he took a couple of hundred men somewhere on the frontier in India and just waltzed round a whole tribe of niggers, climbed up a dozen precipices like a cat goes up a tree, and knocked all their stone walls about their ears. I've never talked to his brother VICTOR, but I've seen him; always looks as stiff as a biscuit and turns up his nose till you could hang a cricket cap on it; not your sort anyhow, I'm certain.

Look here, DODDLES, it's no end good of you wanting me to run in double harness; and, if I did feel inclined that way, I'd as soon find myself hitched alongside of LUCY BERKELEY as anyone else; but, honestly, I don't think it's my form—not just yet, anyhow. What matchmakers you women are! You're never happy, any of you, till you've taken a poor devil of a chap away from all his little games, and all his little comforts, and got him safely started in the Perambulator Stakes. It's all very well to talk, but the more I see of the world, the more I'm convinced that men were never meant to marry. That's a game that may suit women, but it don't suit us. Where's the catch of it? You say I want money; that's right enough, but I'd rather go on as I am than take £10,000 a year with the sort of penalty that you generally find buckled on to it. A girl's all right as long as she's a girl; but it don't last long, that's were the pinch comes, and some of 'em turn into frumps, and others nag the life out of a chap, and then there's what they call the care of a family—all the blessed little olive-branches opening their beaks, and wanting to be fed (that don't sound right somehow, but you know what I mean). If you can pick me out the dead spit of yourself, I'll marry her to-morrow; but you know as well as I do that there's only one DODDLES in the world. TOM's a lucky beggar, and—— There, I'm getting quite sentimental, so I'll drop that tack. Anyhow, the American widow is off. I can't do it, and there's an end of it. She introduced me to her blessed father—"Popper" she called him—and the old man finished me.

I'm writing to BERKELEY to ask him and LUCY B. to dine at the "Plato" on Thursday, so we can put off all discussion till we see how that evening pans out. Bless you, DODDLES, you're a good sort. Awfully glad to hear you're going to the WILLOUGHBYS' "Divorce Supper." I'm to be there. What a game it is. MABEL KILLIGREW and ALICE KENDALL are going, and I hear TOTTIE MONTRESSOR and ALMA KICKSEY are asked. I wonder if TOTTIE will do her wig-dance. She took off ARGENTINO's curly, brown head-covering as neat as ninepence last time she did it. Never saw anyone so angry as that old gold-mine was. DICK TALBOYS is terrible gone in that quarter they say, which is a pity, because he's a real good chap. *Au revoir* on Thursday. Remember me to TOM. Yours to a cinder,

JACK.

GERMAN OPERA AND MR. J. L. TOOLE.—Our eminent Comedian wishes it to be distinctly understood that he has *not* entered into any engagement with Sir DRURIOLANUS to appear at his theatre in *Die Walküre*, which Mr. J. L. TOOLE here takes this German-operatunity of stating is *not* an adaptation or translation of *Walker—London*. Mr. J. L. TOOLE begs to add that his season concludes next Saturday, when *The Best Man* (now in London) will go out of town for "betterment," in order to return better than ever.



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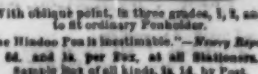

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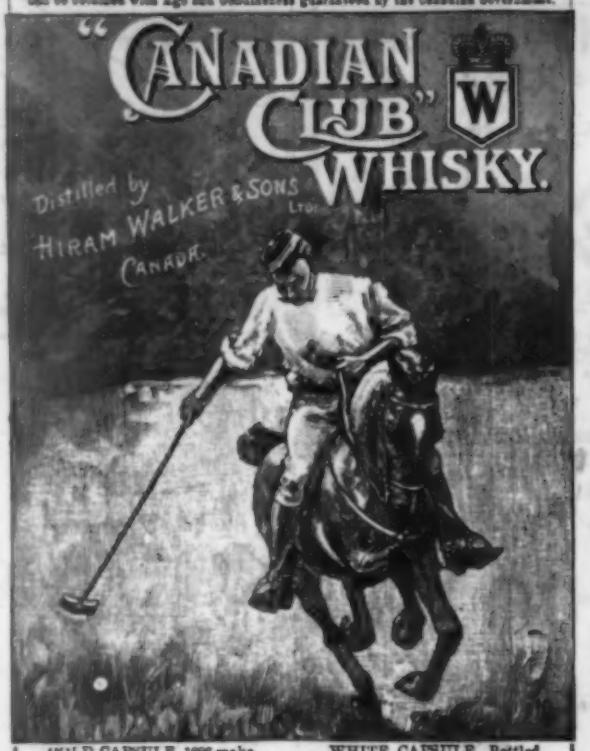

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